To the WORSHIPFUL

THOMAS HALL, Esq; MAYOR,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants

of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This yearly BILL of MORTALITY is presented,

By their most obedient humble Servant,

JOHN COX.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, from the 21st of *December* 1788, to the 21st of *December* 1789; including Persons (in Number 4) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; the Meeting in *College-Lane*, 4; the Meeting on the Green, 1; at the Chapel in *King's-Head Lane*, 2; and the Quakers' Burying-Ground, 0.

DISEASES in the Parish of *All-Saints*.

Abortive and Stilborn	1	Chincough -	1	Fevers - -	8	Mortification -	1
Aged - - -	10	Consumptions -	14	Fits - -	17	Measles - -	1
Asthma - -	4	Croup - -	2	Inflammations -	3	Rupture -	1
Apoplexy -	2	Dropsy - -	5	Lethargy -	1	Small-Pox -	11

Suddenly -	1		
Teeth - -	2		
Worm-Fever -	1		

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	30	Ten and Twenty -	6	Forty and Fifty -	1	Seventy and Eighty -	4
Between Two and Five	7	Twenty and Thirty -	4	Fifty and Sixty -	3	Eighty and Ninety -	3
Five and Ten -	7	Thirty and Forty -	5	Sixty and Seventy -	15	Ninety and an Hundred	0

The Ages of the other Parishes, not included.

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS. - -	36	44	80	37	42	79
St. SEPULCHRE's.	13	18	31	14	18	32
St. GILES's. - -	22	19	41	24	19	43
St. PETER's. - -	3	2	5	3	5	8
At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Parish - - -				3	7	10
In the whole Town.	74	83	157	81	91	172
Births among the Dissenters, not included.	Decreased - -		21	Decreased - -		94

Buried of the Small-Pox.—All-Saints, 11. St. Giles's, 6. Meeting in St. Peter's Parish, 2.—Total 19.

N. B. None have been buried of the Small-Pox since the 31st of May.

—Placidâq; ibi demùm morte quievit. VIRG.

There calm, at length, he breath'd his Soul away.

"OH most delightful Hour by Man
" Experienc'd here below,
" The Hour that terminates his Span,
" His Folly, and his Woe!

" Worlds should not bribe me back to tread,
" Again Life's dreary Waste,
" To see again my Day o'erspread
" With all the gloomy Past.

" My Home henceforth is in the Skies,
" Earth, Seas, and Sun adieu!
" All Heav'n unfolded to my Eyes,
" I have no Sight for you."

So spake Aspasio, firm-possess'd
Of Faith's supporting Rod,
Then breath'd his Soul into its Rest,
The Bosom of his God.

He was a Man, among the few,
Sincere on Virtue's Side;
And all his Strength from Scripture drew,
To hourly Use apply'd.

That Rule he priz'd, by that he fear'd,
He hated, hop'd and lov'd;
Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd,
But when his Heart had rov'd.

For he was frail, as thou or I,
And Evil felt within;
But when he felt it, heav'd a Sigh,
And loath'd the Thought of Sin.

Such liv'd Aspasio; and, at last,
Call'd up from Earth to Heav'n,
The Gulph of Death triumphant pass'd,
By Gales of Blessing driv'n.

His Joys be *mine*, each Reader cries,
When my last Hour arrives!
They shall be yours, my Verse replies,
Such ONLY be your Lives.

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